

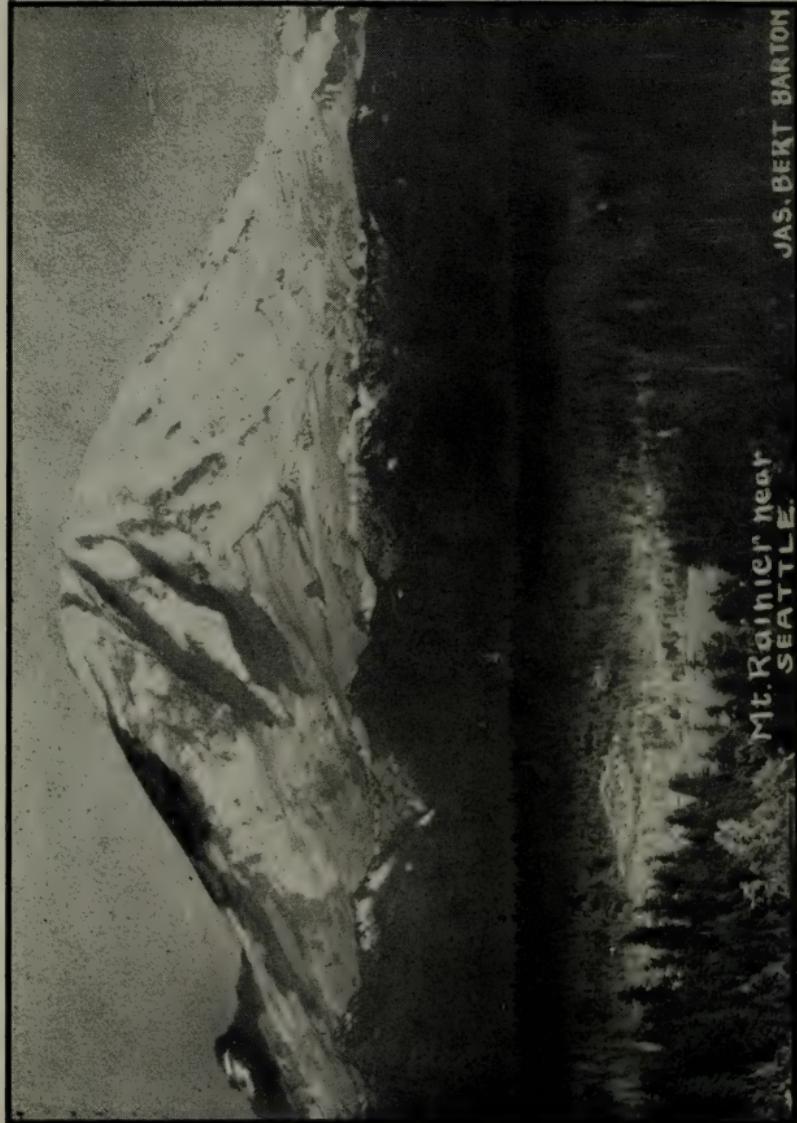
Memory Pictures
of Puget Sound Region.

MEMORY PICTURES
OF
PUGET SOUND REGION

BY
BETH BELL HIGGINS

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JAS. BERT BARTON

Mt. Rainier near
SEATTLE.

Mount Rainier! That old Giant! How over-powered one is by its bigness and nearness, as the mists of a morning clear away and its glistning, snowy form rises majestically before you—standing there so Sphynx-like in its immovability, so grand, so bold, so defiant; towering above all the lesser hills around it! You cannot but feel an unspeakable awe as you gaze upon those endless white fields of unmeasured snow and ice and into those shadowy crevasses which break up sharp, straight slopes thousands of feet in length—deep, dark and deceitful; you can never forget its marvelous beauty; you are fascinated as by some strange, unseen power; and something there is about the old mountain, in its majesty and strength, that calms and touches into quiet the impatience of the heart, and soothes into peace the hot passions of the soul; that makes one feel how useless it is to beat against the walls—how vain that we should cry out for our hearts desire—our own wilful way! Little infinitessimal atoms of the great plan of existance, wanting to dictate the scheme of this vast, unknowable universe! And as we look the longer our complainings cease, our tongues are silenced, while we stand in this place, “where man may own his littleness and know the mightiness of God!”

MEMORY PICTURES.

COMES an hour when the power of other days is strong upon me, and I am carried back into their presence by swift wings of memory, or rather, these thoughts that live constantly with me—subdued and silent while the work of the day goes on, but ever alert and ready to bear me out of the dull monotony of regular toil, on the instant that some unusually powerful influence is brought to bear, and my spirit leaps suddenly toward those things outside that so draw and charm me. And thus these little winged ministering spirits—kin of the winged god himself—at the first yielding of my heart, the first turning of my thought toward these things forbidden, rise and spread their gossamer wings and bear me away on the instant—against all sober judgment, contrary

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to my will and wish—away, away, to the realm of happiness, exultation, love and content! Oh, ye little winged spirits, are ye my good or evil angels?

Once within their white enfolding wings, borne upward and away, all else is forgotten but the delight itself—the presence again of all that seemed to be sweetest in earth—the mastering influence of the time and scene, and once given up to the resistless spirits, I say, “Yes, my good angels ye are.”

(O, to be able to live fully to the extent of our capacity for living! I could sob with unending regret at the cruelty that seems to limit the expansion. It is a sadness inexplicable, but most real.

To be in the midst of earth’s throbbing life—the world’s beauty; to know emotion’s highest pitch, the lofty reach of an exultant heart full of joy; every vibrant sense within tingling with the life surrounding and upon you—O, my heart, what it is to live at times!)

God’s world, His beautiful world it is that

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gives me so much of ecstasy. The world of the material and of the soul. I thank Him for it! The influence of fair Nature's self—how it entralls one! Now my winged carriers have brought me to her royal throne—the crest of the Mountain range just yonder. The mountains seem just yonder, always. Seem so near and friendly, so protecting and so strong. It is their great charm that you must needs feel their presence, so near they seem.

Here's the shining surface of the Ocean and the Bay lying close up to the feet of Earth's old giants, fearless and smiling. Away in that direction the dense shading green of the forest climbs up the slope till it meets and embraces the snows and glaciers. Out this way are gentle, undulating fields and meadows, vineyards and gardens rich with wealth and goodness. Further on in the distance the knolls and hollows take on sharper outlines, and the foot-hills rise more quickly toward the mountains whence they lead again; and in between the valleys narrow and the gulches deepen.

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Nature's own domain! Here her big warm heart holds sway. The very air must bend to her sweet will and breathe with soft, caressing breath upon our uncovered heads, while we look up in adoration. Rapturous melodies from feathered creatures that can only voice their joy in song, are borne upon the breeze to our ears from all the lofty crags and high tree-tops around. The wealth of color and brightness is spread out upon the ground at our feet. Beyond, upon the rising slopes as far as our vision will take us, the same beauty of flower is seen till the snowdrop hides her pretty head beneath the white cover; and up from all these velvet petals and the cool, waving grasses floats the incense breathed out by these tender worshippers as well. And light, which came at God's own voice, fills and glorifies all this life!

I love to be thus borne away, e'en though against my strong, sound sense, from the troublous world to scenes like this in Nature's home, which I can live through ever and again with all the keen exhilaration that first

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filled my soul. 'Tis then that I cry "O, that we might live all our life as live we might—to the full—crowded up to the brim with the greatness of emotion, the spiritual harmony, the heart joy and satisfaction!"' Tis then I think I could rebel, but that I think, "If this the life we know, knew no restrictions, what would there be for us in the life which is to come?"

Think not my picture is ideal—there are many such in our fair world. I knew one—indeed I know it yet, for I dwell within the scene on many a day.

IF I could picture to you the scene as I have known and felt it—upon a morning, at the noonday, or in the evening hour, 'twould be a joy to me. But words are all so futile, so lacking in interpretation when one needs them most, 'tis almost vain to try. For there's no mortal tongue can tell the wonder, no pictured beauty reveal the loveliness, nor pen of man that could trace in truthful lines the story of its revelations!

Here on the Sound one finds the ideal beauty and grandeur of Nature's self, whichever way you turn. Again and again I have known days here, that were simply grand, unfolded pages from God's book of wonders.

Sometimes the glory bursts upon you of a

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morning after days of mist and shadow—(for even here dark days do come as dark days will); then the mountains step forth from their grey shrouds and shake from off their lofty brows the clouds that have encircled them, and they seem to be resurrected into newness of life, while every lineament appears so clearly discerned it is like the revelation to one's eyes of some old, loved thing that has been lost awhile; and as the last trace of shadow is flung away, you can read the very expression of each noble face as you look, from this one to that, and it comes upon you like the sudden, unexpected smile of some rugged, human face you have known—surprising you in its rare beauty and leaving something in your heart that brightens it for long.

I remember one fair day that I never shall forget. 'Twas a morning close to Spring, a day of clear sunshine, but with none of the whiteness melted away from the mountains that circle about the wide horizon as yet.

As I opened my eyes in the morning, threw

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wide the window and looked out, the mountains were almost startling in their close proximity, as though the long file of an army had crept up in the night unheard, and was there to subdue and conquer as you rose from your sleep.

Surely they are but just across the river here —you can hear them call across the water to their sentries, and hear the echo thrown back by the solid walls, along with the answer of the picket-men; and it seems it would be but to stretch your arm and bend a little toward them to touch hands in a morning greeting.

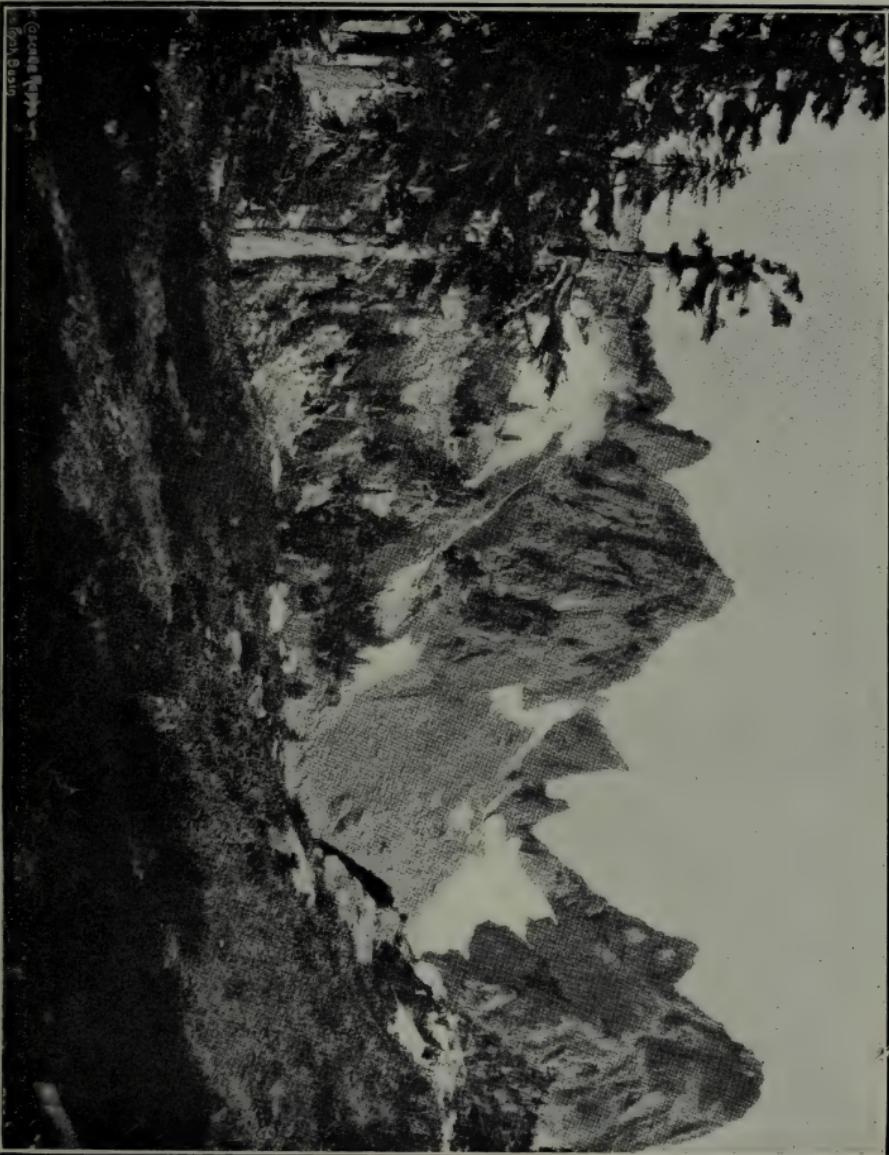
Turning your face to the eastward, as they used in days of old, you see a long range of fantastic giant peaks, over which the sun has just risen. These are the beautiful old Cascades, presenting a marvellous variety of shapes and forms, and extending all about the eastern horizon. Along the jagged line you follow, far, far up yonder to the north, till at the distant end of the range, seemingly, and there is Mt. Baker, away off toward the sky,

Memory Pictures.

many miles you know, and its ragged dome of rocks and trees and earth lies covered with the snows of so many years, or centuries, it may be, that only smooth, clean outlines are seen, as of chiseled marble, clean cut, unsoled, just from the sculptor's hand! Turning back round the circling ridge, following on and on past many a turret spire, which you could not pass but that you know you can come back to it, and down here to the southward, rising up from the clustering hills at its base, boldly outlined 'gainst the space behind, stands the old-time monarch, Mt. Rainier—unchanged nor lesser grown. Something about the old mountain there is that overawes you, and compels your reverence, as does some great warrior who has fought bravely and withstood the forces of the world—the storms of years, and come out unscathed, grown greater, more majestic, only. So Rainier impresses you with its power and grandeur. Drawing your charmed gaze from this at last, and following still around to the westward, where nightly goes the golden orb

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to rest behind those heavenly hills, you come to the range we call the Proud Olympics—unique, exclusive, beautiful in extreme they are.



GUNNS PEAKS CASCADE MOUNTAINS

THERE seemed nothing in the earth that day but mountains. I could see or think of nothing else, and the more I studied them as the day grew on, the less could I tell whether they were of the earth, or belonged to the Celestial City of the Heavens! Crystal white, glistening in the sunlight with supernal splendor; some so high, so grand, so shining, I thought if they were not indeed the Mansions on High, they must be the white, reflected shadows of their very selves. And so I pictured them for my own delight!

Here were great pyramids; there a long straight palisade or portion of a wall in the distance; at different points a tower set up for the watchmen over the gates. The city seemed to

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be peopled with all the great and small of life—crowned heads, rulers of kingdoms, and humbler folk as well. I could seem to see the castles pinnacled and turreted with shining gold, and other dwellings less pretentious and more lowly for those who loved the quiet walks of life—all so beautiful and fitting.

Yes, a fleeting vision of the Heavenly City, as sometimes we do reach a height from which we catch a glimpse of that glorious realm, when for one brief instant it is pictured to our vision like some strange, miraculous mirage, and we catch our breath quick and almost cry out in dismay as it vanishes from our sight!

And so these mountain-heights with their wonderful pictures that so enthrall me; I can scarcely take my eyes away from them for fear they too will vanish. But as I look longer at the marvellous hills, behind and beyond they still stretch upward and stand in silence, immovable, where they were builded in the beginning, and awaiting the end of Time. They are lasting, never-fading, I know. So I still my

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heart's impatience that I cannot read and grasp it all to-day, and remember that to be blessed with a sight of the beauty again, one day, may be my reward. But O, the grandeur of such a day! Can life grant one many such, I ask?

IT TAKES only a very little thing sometimes to awaken within us a memory that thrills the soul to its depths. So, something out of the hum of the noisy city to-day, reached my inner sense and brought back to my realization the shrill music of a saw-mill that I dwelt near for a short, happy time one year.

A rush of beautiful memories fill up my mind in an instant. Hours of heart intercourse with my most cherished friend; pictures of rare conception; quiet and peace unmeasured and time enjoyed to the full, with its flight unnoted.

The Heights is an exclusive spot, reached by a long, climbing stretch of cable which leaves the city far behind, down by the Sound; where the

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docks are crowded with busy life—the queer sailing vessels, palace steamers, fishermen's yawls and Indian rowboats mingling in interesting contrast all along the water front.

Out here on the Heights we knew nothing of it, unless we cared to remember that back there lay the city, built on terrace after terrace; from our lofty outlook descending down and down, past handsome residences and spacious grounds—down through the great business blocks, the manufactories, the mills, the canneries and the laden shipping wharves. It all seemed very far away, and we, as in a dream somewhere—on a height above it all!

We kept our backs to the city and remembered only our surroundings.

Looking straight out of the windows or lying in a hammock, gazing off, we saw nothing but the eternal blue of the sky, or the dusky forests of the mountain sides; but far below our feet, with a ragged slope of trees, rocks and flowers lying between, we looked into the waters of a wondrous lake. Its waters were as still and

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serene as the overarching sky; its color only a deeper, more mysterious blue.

We could see across the two or three intervening miles to the other side, and then follow its regular shore line for a great way as it bent about the low-lying hills of green and woodland—just how far we did not know, but for miles and miles, till the walls of the mountains swallowed it up.

The cool, caressing winds blew into our faces up here from off the surface of the lake, but itself was not troubled by the tiniest wave. Peace personified might have been written upon its brow! Encircling us were the everlasting hills—mountains as old as time—to which we turned our eyes as oft as to the water.

Towering monuments of infinite power—lofty fortresses of retreat from care! They lure us onward to higher pursuits and grander victories. They stand, untiring witnesses of the majesty of Nature, and there are lessons of beauty and inspiration to be gathered from their form.

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And so we dreamed and prayed, Diana and I, in the heavenly quiet and unbroken joy of the scene.

“Of what are you thinking, ma chère?”

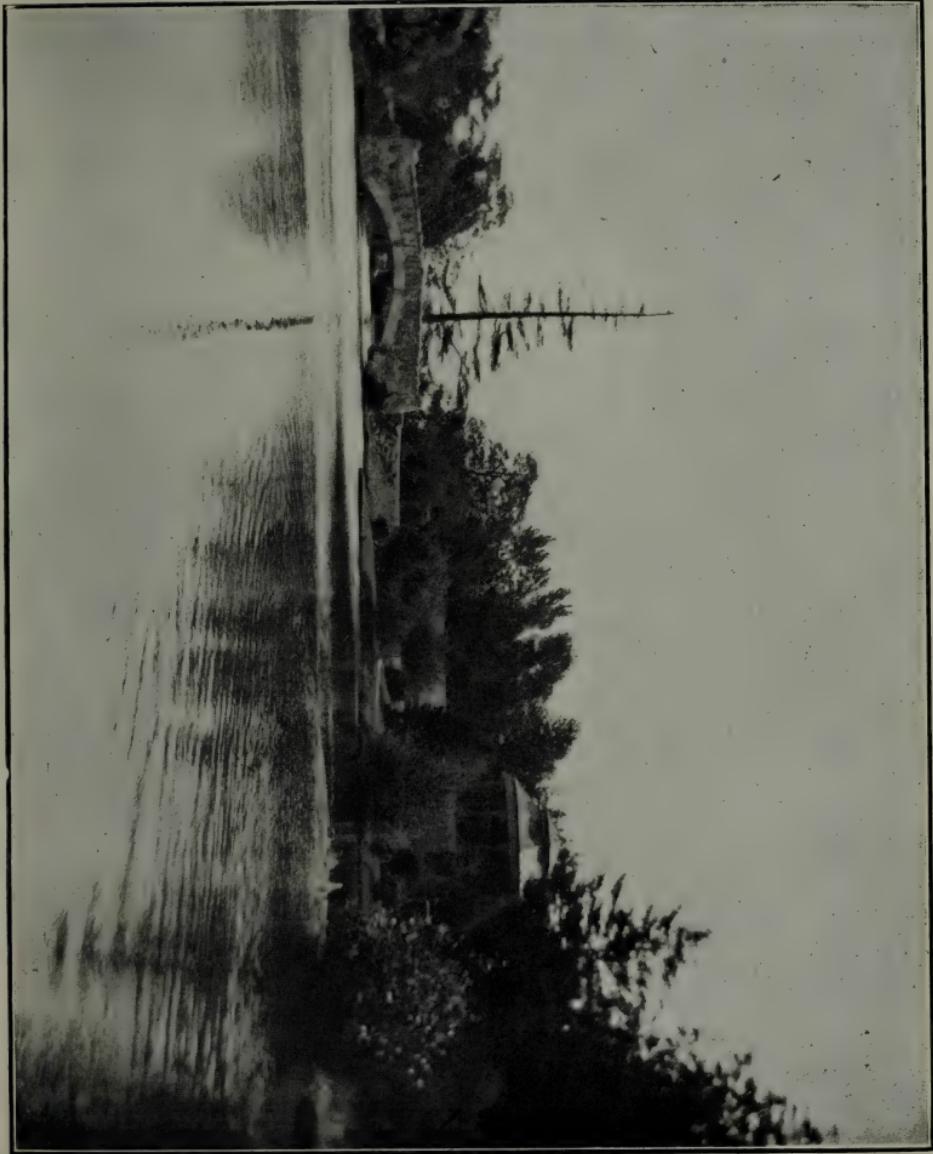
“Of the beautiful hills, Diana,” she replies.

“And into what are your dark eyes peering, my friend?”

“Into the deep blue of the lake’s unfathomed mysteries,” I answer.

Days of heaven-born bliss and rest—building up hopes as high as the stars, lest otherwise we build too low! Speaking to one another of the humanity outside whom we wanted to bless; gaining strength to meet again the battles that life is always leading to; breathing in purity and worship!

And the saw-mill over in the wood, is the only disturbing sound; while even its song grows to be music to us.



BEACON HILL PARK, VICTORIA

IS THERE anything quite so entrancing, so soothing, as to recline upon the deck of a steamer and let your eyes wander off to the beautiful peaks reaching in broken terraces further and further away, while you let your fancies roam at will as you glide over the water, secure, content and unconcerned about all the world?

To watch the wake of the steamer; to feel the delicious breeze; to see the white-winged gulls following with such ease and grace; to listen to the gay laughter of happy people; to know that you are far away from the noise and worry of the busy city and may dream the long day through!

And when the night comes down—to view

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the glorious sunset, be conscious of the sweet-
ness, the dewy air, the quiet and bliss in all
the earth. Then, standing out in the moonlight
on the clean-washed deck, watching the stars
come out in the blue o'erhead, with the light-
house lamps flashing back their signals and
beckoning you on in the unmarked course
through the waters deep, and the soft wind
kissing your cheek with fresh coolness—Ah,
it is something never to fade from memory.

Such beauty there is in Puget Sound. Lying
securely locked within these mountain-for-
tresses, spreading its waters out in many a
queer-shaped arm, crowding into the bays and
toward the hills as far as it may, as though
trying to escape its bondage by some unseen
outlet into its ocean-home the other side the
Olympics; wearied of the serenity of its shel-
tered haven, impatient to know the struggle
and storm of the ocean's life; and to which at
last it does find way through the Straits of San
Juan de Fuca.

How I have learned to love that inland sea,

Memory Pictures.

from every point of view—so familiar and so homelike! I can see the harbor in its every detail, now as I close my eyes and dream of it—a Summer dream of perfect loveliness.

'Round that high point come the white-winged boats from the sea, bringing the commerce and humanity and intercourse of far-away lands to mingle with ours; bringing in touch the life of nations unknown and strange in many, many phases, and making of the earth one great, broad brotherhood.

Out there past that other long arm, go the boats to the open sea, carrying ventures, ambitions, hopes which may all be changed to awful certainty, failure and despair, ere their home-ward trip is made; or, happily, returning with vast knowledge, a wealth of good and a faith and aspiration larger and more wonderful.

O, this fair, dear picture—with its colorings no time can e'er efface. With its reflected glories of earth and sky; with its fleet of sails and ships; with its pleasures and its gaiety borne upon its placid bosom; and with its

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buried mysteries and shadows of the unfathomed deeps.

Eyes rarely look upon such a picture, and from the brush of man such another one must still remain unborn, unpainted, forever!

OVER and over again in my life I have told myself that no conception of Heaven could be more beautiful than some of the lovely regions of this earth which we have been given a home in. And the particularly beautiful endowment of all of the Sound locality brings that idea back to me often, O, so often!

The Arcadia of sweet Evangeline must have been patterned after some such happy, enchanting scene as this. To awaken here upon some bright, peaceful morning, with the soft fresh air from the water kissing your face, the calm,

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subdued green of the deep woods and the yellow sunlight of early morn greeting your eyes, is to almost be deceived into thinking that the old world has turned backward in its many cycles to the young days when the Creator called this beautiful work finished, and gave it to our first parents for a dwelling-place! So natural and sweet, so fresh and new, seems the loveliness of surrounding mountains, forests and seas; as though that marvellous Hand had but just lifted its finger from the finishing stroke of the matchless panorama it had been so lovingly working out for us, and the smile of satisfaction and love of the divine face had fallen over the canvas, lighting it with a never-fading glory. And if meantime, you have forgotten the existence of the city itself about you, you can easily imagine all the fresh, natural country around as still untrammeled and unspoiled by the tread of civilization, and that it is a portion of the old Arcadia or Eden life of pretty legendary. Even when you do go out and into the crowds, and realize that you are many

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legions away from that sweet time, you can still be enthralled by the sublimity and charm of the grand beauty which faces you on all sides.

IT MAY seem fanciful, but if you are at all given to impressions of soul, if you have any love for Nature's boundless wonders, you cannot help its influence stealing upon you here.

Over there are the Olympics, stretching like an impassable barrier between us and the ocean's roll. On the other hand slope the thickly wooded hills up the long stretch to where the Cascades rise, still snow-crested against the sky, and from among these towers in inconceivable greatness and majesty the clean-cut mountain of ice and snow—Old Rainier, dominating all the lesser grandeur about, a king of mountains, at whose footstool others bow the head. And down here, calmly, beautifully ebbs and flows the water of the

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green-bordered Sound. Everything speaks sublimity and beauty.

I went, one Sunday afternoon, out to Madison Park, one of the points of attraction situated upon Lake Washington, to hear the program of the First Regiment Band, and while I meditated within me I said:

“There can be no other skies like these; no other sun with such a radiance; no other waters of such peace and beauty; no other hills of the same immortal verdure; no other music of truer inspiration—than all of these as I find them here in Seattle.”

The Summer was young and all of life seemed in its youth. Gladness and content beamed from the faces of the vast, quiet throng, and their smiles and serenity were reflected back by the clear blue waters of the lake before them, while the soulful, beautiful waves of music greeted our ears for the instant, then were caught by the rippling waters and slowly, gently wafted away, out and still farther out across the broad, deep sea to the echoing hills

Memory Pictures.

upon the other shore, mayhap from there carried up to the skies to mingle with other notes that come floating softly down from the celestial harps on high!

I was entranced, and I let myself be lost in the dream. Underneath our feet was the soft, thick velvet of brightest green, with sweet, fresh flowers here and there adorning the natural amphitheater. The delicious, caressing breeze that touched our cheeks and lips was like an intoxicant in its seductiveness, filling me with exhilaration, while I could not be satisfied. Over there where my eyes keep straying, far over across the lovely waters, are the hills of living verdure, and farther up and still beyond them rise the mountains—majestic, proud and solemn—whose fascination is all-conquering. The white-robed boats glide quietly up to the piers and embark again with the same pretty, easy grace. The beauty, the youth, the health and the strength of the noblest form of creation are near me and about me, and the air itself is laden with influences

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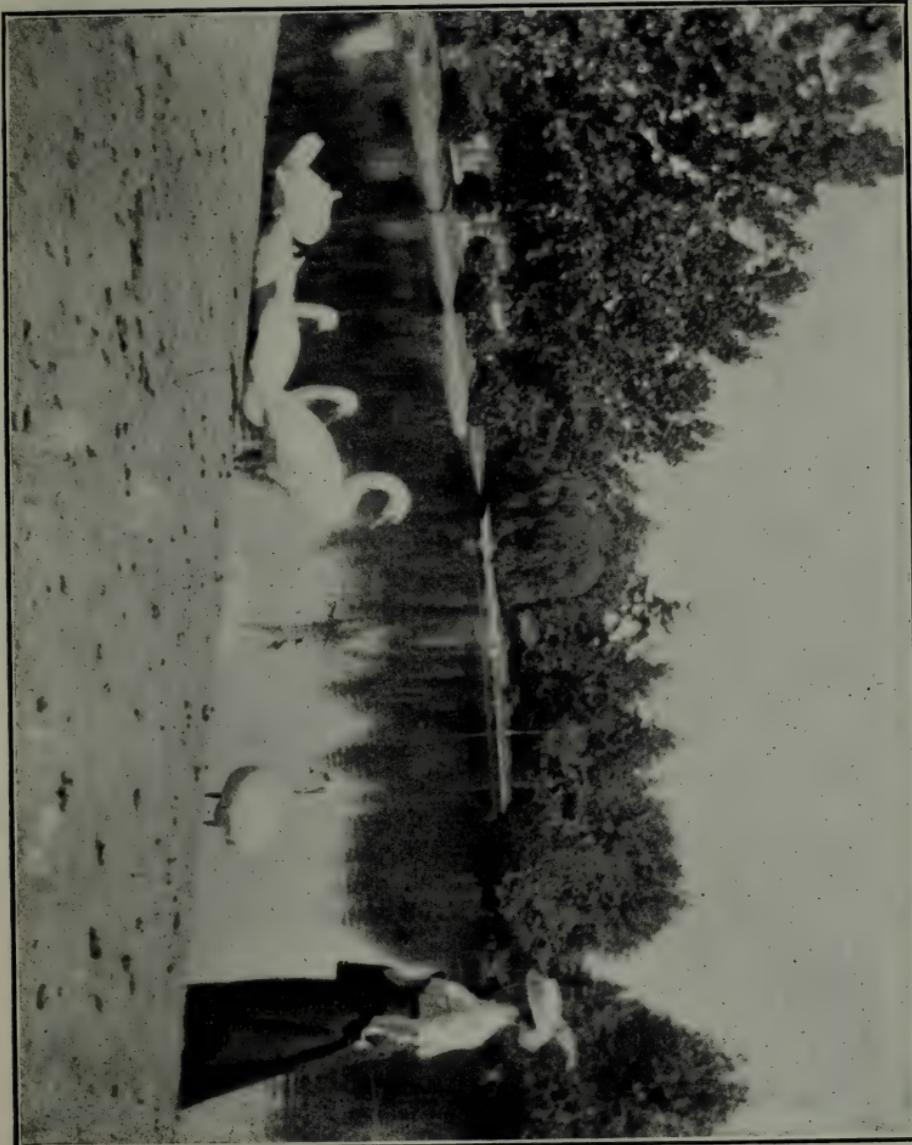
lofty, pure and happy—it is a trance I dwell in, but I want it not to end.

Something yet unexplained and undefined stirs my imagination and my soul, and I raise my eyes again to try and fathom the mysterious power. Just out there, floating upon the blue water, is a fantastic, shell-like thing, pretty and unique as one could wish; and up above it on either side is raised to the breeze the glorious "Stars and Stripes"—"Ah! that is it that has been moving me most of all—the dear, bright beautiful Flag of my Country! Yes, surely that is it!" And while I still sit gazing at the flag there comes bursting upon my rapt attention a soul-stirring note, and I look beneath the colors for its origin. The musicians have doffed their caps and risen with one accord, while the inspired leader, with a martial gesture that carries a world of meaning with it, and with each and every instrument in perfect sympathy with him, strikes up the all-mastering strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner!" Now I awake, and in an exultant enthusiasm,

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rise with the vast throng and wave my handkerchief; while the shouts go up, the applause resounds and every heart beats quick with holy patriotism and unbounded pride!

My eyes look out again upon the scene through a tender mist, and I say once more, "No, there *is* no other land like this—O my America!"



BEACON HILL PARK, VICTORIA

THERE'S a white sky blown clear of all mists and darkness, as I have sometimes dreamed our eyes would be blown clear of all mystery and shadow—of all obliterating clouds of trouble, by the winds of Heaven, could we but reach that land!

O, the hope that springs up in the heart on such a morning—like the buoyancy of youth with hopes and ambitions all aglow, though still unformed and young—like the day of life! The early morn gives you but a dim, uncertain light. Round about you sleep the realities of life, while the earth is wrapped in dreams. Now up above the peaks the sky grows white with a silver light, as behind the barrier of mountain range the sun creeps up with steady march, and there's a pale-gold fringe about each

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of their brows like halos round the heads of saints.

Soon we feel the warm light coming, and in an instant it leaps o'er the ridge and throws its yellow radiance over all below.

Like the early morn of Life—the tints all so delicate, the perfumes all so dainty, the voices all so soft and lisping. And then, the scenes are broadened, the light grows stronger, our vision widens, we get a conception of the vastness of earth and all its greatness, and our ambitions and our hopes grow mighty with life's prime—the Noon of Life; while the mountains stand majestic, their strong, clear light reflected in undimmed splendor at the noon tide—proud, undaunted in ambition, rich in beauty, masterful in power, full of satisfaction!

But the day must wane, as all days will, and toward that other side the light of life slips down. How beautiful, when the light holds strong, the power is unabated, the purity grown but clearer, the wealth still richer, the march unfaltering to the end! And still at eve, the

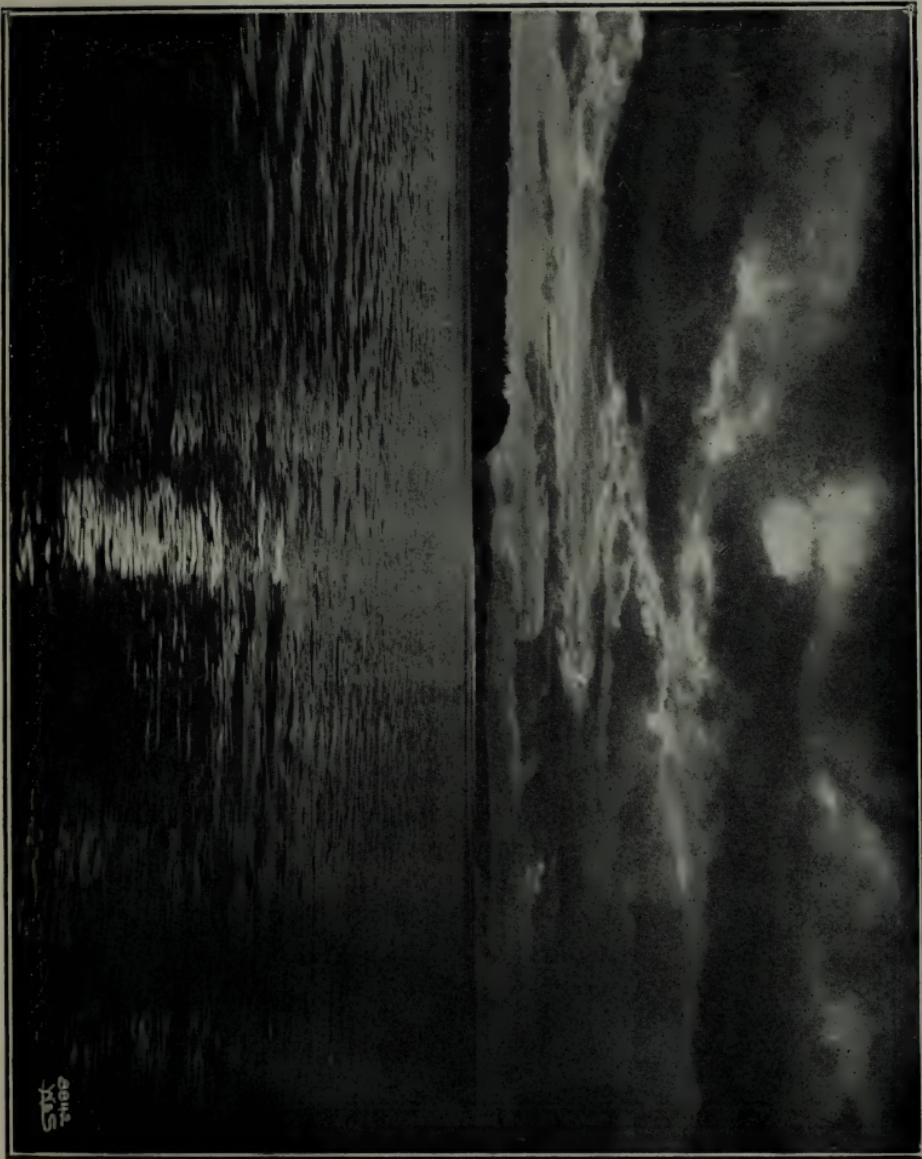
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great white mountains of strength stand about life's small horizon, unmoved, reflecting yet the light—subdued, but in deeper, richer tints, as does that life serene, that goes with folded hands and the smile of peace upon its face into the wide hereafter; while another leaf is turned, another of the pages spread before us.

And the mountains are still there—the same great revelation, the monuments of the imperishable!

SUNSET ON THE SOUND

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2012



AND those "Hills Beyond"! It is always those that lure me most. Whether I gaze from my window across the water far beyond the city roofs and towers, to their dusky slopes, as many a time I have gazed; or, lean upon the bridge's rail across the old Snohomish, and look up to the sunlit peaks of dazzling white above; or stand by the water's edge, where the low-lying trees throw their shadows down into the mirrored deep, and peer through a half-haze that softens and veils their beauteous forms, as often and often I have done; tracing the outlines of each huge green hill, back and still farther away, past tier after tier, catching the form of each as they recede in long zigzag rows with narrow wedge-like

Memory Pictures.

spaces between, while the Sun-god throws his glowing radiance upon every sparkling jewel with which those robes are woven, and penetrates the low-down shadows of the hidden valleys—it is the same, 'tis those heights beyond for which I ever yearn.

And so, I ponder, is it always in this earthly journey. It's not the lesser hills that we want to climb—we can so easily do that—but to scale those lofty heights, to reach some pinnacle that no man has yet attained—Ah, that is what inspires and draws us on!

It's the allurement of the mysterious that draws us toward the far-off things. We can understand in part the tangible things that are near or within our reach; but after that—we want to know (O, how we want to know!), and we strain our eyes to get one glimpse into the mysterious beyond, questioning “What lies there?”

Yes, it is those things just beyond our reach that we long for most. Those veiled in a half-mystery which we want to fathom; the rare

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blossoms we might gather if we were but near; the melodies that might be heard up there; the air of purity which we long to breathe; the rest and tranquillity of soul that surely may be found up there; the good that has always escaped our grasp. O, it's ever there that our thoughts are leading—to the hills, the beautiful "Hills Beyond."

Eternal heights of glory, placed here perhaps as a symbol of heights for us to attain unto. "Now we see through a glass darkly,"—and we can only go on questioning, yearning more and more to understand, to see across, to know the meaning, and the possibilities of the Beyond!







